

The Tragedie

Dar. A boone (my soueraigne) for my seruice done,

Kin. I pray thee peace, my soule is full of sorrow.

Dar. I will not rise vnlesse your highnesse graunt.

Kin. Then speake at once, what is it thou demaundst?

Dar. The forfeit (soueraigne) of my seruants life,
Who slew to day a ryotous gentleman.

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.

Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And shall the same giue pardon to a slaue;
My brother slew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was cruell death,
Who sued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduisde?
Who spake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore soule did forsake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Teuxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he rescued me,
And said, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne garments and gaue him selfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters, or your waighting vassalles
Haue done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And vnjustly too, must graunt it you
But for my brother, not a mast would speake,
Nor I (vngracious) speake vnto my selfe,
For him, poore soule: The proudest of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once plead for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iustice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. (Exit.
Come Hastings, helpe me to my closet, oh poore Clarence

of Richard the third.

Glo. This is the fruite of rawnes: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Lookt pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?

Dut. No boy. (breast?)

Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beat your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy sonne?

Girl. Why do you looke on vs and shake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, castawayes,
If that our noble father be aliue?

Dut. My prettie Cofens, you mistake me much,
I do lament the sicknesse of the King:
As loth to loose him, not your fathers death:
It were lost labour to weepe for one that's lost.

Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.

Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot gesse who causde your fathers death.

Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloucester
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when he told me so he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kist my checke,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearly as his childe.

Dut. Oh that deceit should steale such gentle shapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my sonne, yea and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did dissemble, Granam?

Dut. I Boy.

Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noise is this?

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Enter